Delectando monemus.

Instruct us with Delight

Pocket Book

A Little Pretty

POCKET-BOOK,

Intended for the

Inſtruction and *Amuſement*

OF

LITTLE MASTER *TOMMY*,

AND

PRETTY MISS *POLLY*:

With Two Letters from

JACK the GIANT-KILLER;

AS ALSO

A BALL and PINCUSHION;

The Uſe of which will infallibly make *Tommy* a good Boy, and *Polly* a good Girl.

The TENTH EDITION.

To which is added,

A LITTLE SONG-BOOK,

BEING

A *New Attempt* to teach Children the Uſe of the *Engliſh Alphabet*, by way of Diverſion.

LONDON: Printed for J. NEWBERY, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1760.

[Price *Six-pence*, bound.]

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TO THE

PARENTS,

GUARDIANS,

AND

NURSES,

IN

Great-Britain and *Ireland*,

This Little

POCKET-BOOK

Is Humbly Inſcribed,

BY

Their moſt obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

A Little Pretty

POCKET-BOOK, &c.

THE grand Deſign in the Nurture of Children is to make them *Strong*, *Hardy*, *Healthy*, *Virtuous*, *Wiſe* and *Happy*; and theſe good Purpoſes are not to be obtained without ſome Care and Management in their Infancy.

Would you have your Child *Strong*, take care of your Nurſe; let her be a prudent Woman, one that will give him what Meat and Drink is neceſſary, and ſuch only as affords good Nutriment, not ſalt Meats, rich Tarts, Sau-

ces, Wine, &c. a Practice too common amongſt ſome indulgent People. She muſt alſo let the Child have due Exerciſe; for 'tis this that gives Life and Spirits, circulates the Blood, ſtrengthens the Sinews, and keeps the whole Machinery in Order.

Would you have a *Hardy* Child, give him common Diet only, cloath him thin, let him have good Exerciſe, and be as much expoſed to Hardſhips as his natural Conſtitution will admit. The Face of a Child, when it comes into the World, (ſays the great Mr. *Locke*) is as tender and ſuſceptible of Injuries as any other Part of the Body; yet by being always expoſed, it becomes Proof againſt the ſevereſt Seaſon, and the moſt inclement Weather; even at a Time when the Body (tho' wrapp'd in Flannels) is pierc'd with Cold. 'Tis beſide my Purpoſe to give a phyſical Reaſon for this; nor indeed will the Brevity

of my Deſign admit of it. 'Tis a Fact ſufficiently known, what every Man muſt be ſenſible of, and therefore can need no Demonſtration.

Would you have a *Healthy* Son, obſerve the Direction already laid down with regard to Diet and Exerciſe, and keep him, as much as poſſible, from Phyſick. For Phyſick is to the Body, as Arms to the State; both are neceſſary, but neither to be uſed but in Caſes of Emergency and Danger.

Would you have a *Virtuous* Son, inſtil into him the Principles of Morality early, and encourage him in the Practice of thoſe excellent Rules, by which whole Societies, States, Kingdoms, and Empires are knit together. Take heed what Company you intruſt him with, and be always ſure to ſet him a good Example yourſelf.

Would you have a *Wiſe* Son, teach him to reaſon early. Let him rea,

and make him understand what he reads. No Sentence should be passed over without a strict Examination of the Truth of it; and though this may be thought hard at first, and seem to retard the Boy in his Progress, yet a little Practice will make it familiar, and a Method of Reasoning will be acquir'd, which will be of Use to him all his Life after. Let him study Mankind; shew him the Springs and Hinges on which they move; teach him to draw Consequences from the Actions of others; and if he should hesitate or mistake, you are to set him right: But then take care to do it in such a Manner, as to forward his Inquiries, and pave this his grand Pursuit with Pleasure. Was this Method of Reasoning put more in Practice by Tutors, Parents, &c. we should not see so many dismal Objects in the World; for People would learn

by

by the Misfortunes of others to avert their own.

I doubt not but every Parent, every Father and Mother, would gladly contribute what they could towards the Happineſs of their Children; and yet 'tis ſurprifing to ſee how blind they are, and how wide they miſtake the Mark. What the indulgent Parent generally propoſes for the Happineſs of his Child, is a good Fortune to bear up under the Calamities of Life; but daily Experience tells us, this is inſufficient. Happineſs and Miſery have their Source from the Paſſions: If in the midſt of the greateſt Affluence we are always repining, and think ourſelves poor and miſerable, we are ſo; and the Beggar in the Straw, who is content, and thinks he has ſufficient, is rich and happy. The whole Matter ſubſiſts in the Mind, and the Conſtitution: Subdue therefore your Children's Paſſions; curb

their

their Tempers, and make them ſubſervient to the Rules of Reaſon. And this is not to be done by chiding, whipping, or ſevere Treatment, but by Reaſoning and mild Diſcipline. Were I to ſee my Son too much ruffled and diſcompoſed, I ſhould take him aſide, and point out to him the Evils that attend paſſionate Men; tell him, that my Love for him would make me overlook many Faults, but that this was of ſo heinous a Nature, that I could not bear the Sight of him while he continued ſo wicked; that he ſhould not ſee his Mother nor any of his Play-mates, till he had ſufficiently repented of that Crime: Upon which, I would immediately order him (in a very calm Manner) to be ſhut up from any Company for five or ſix Hours, and then, upon his Confeſſion of the Fault, aſking Pardon on his Knees, and promiſing Amendment for the future, I would forgive him. This

Me-

Method, regularly purſued, would ſoon break his Paſſion of Reſentment, and ſubdue it to Reaſon. The next prudent Step to be taken is to check his inordinate craving and deſiring almoſt every Thing he ſees; and this I think might be as eaſily effected as the other; for, in the firſt Place, I would lay down this as a Maxim with him, that he ſhould never have any thing he cry'd for; and therefore if he was willing to obtain any Favour, he muſt come with a reaſonable Requeſt, and withdraw without the Appearance of any Uneaſineſs in caſe of a Diſappointment.

Some over-fond People will think theſe are harſh Precepts. What, ſay they, are Children never to be obliged? I anſwer, Yes, I would have them obliged and pleaſed, but not humoured and ſpoiled. They ſhould have what they aſk'd for in a proper Manner, but then they ſhould wait my Time, without

ſeeming

ſeeming over ſolicitous, or crying after it. I would make them exerciſe their Patience, that they might know the Uſe of it, when the Cares of the World came on. And therefore, I ſay again, Children ſhould never have any Thing they cry'd for, no, not on any Conſideration whatſoever.

Children, *like tender* Oſiers, *take the*
Bow,
And as they firſt *are faſhion'd always*
grow. DRYDEN.

'Tis Education *forms the tender* Mind;
Juſt as the Twig *is bent, the* Tree's *in-*
clin'd. POPE.

A LET-

A

LETTER

FROM

JACK the GIANT-KILLER,

TO

Little Maſter *TOMMY*.

My dear TOMMY,

YOUR Nurſe called upon me To-day, and told me, that you was a good Boy; that you was dutiful to your Father and Mother, and that, when you had ſaid your Prayers in the Morning and the Evening, you aſked their Bleſ-

Bleſſing, and in the Day-time did every Thing they bid you. She ſays you are obedient to your Maſter, loving and kind to your Play-fellows, and obliging to every body; that you riſe early in the Morning, keep yourſelf clean, and learn your Book; that, when you have done a Fault, you confeſs it, and are very ſorry for it. And though you are ſometimes naughty, ſhe ſays you are very honeſt and good-humoured; that you don't ſwear, tell Lies, nor ſay indecent Words, and are always thankful when any body gives you good Advice; that you never quarrel, nor do wicked Things, as ſome other Boys do.

This Character, my Dear, has made every body love you, and, while you continue ſo good, you may depend on my obliging you with every Thing I can. I have here ſent you a *Little Pretty Pocket-Book*, which will learn you to play at thoſe innocent Games that

good

good Boys and Girls divert themſelves with: And while you behave ſo well, you ſhall never want Play, I aſſure you. But then, my dear *Tommy*, in order that you may be as good as poſſible, I have alſo ſent you a *Ball*, the one Side of which is *Red*, and the other *Black*, and with it *ten Pins*; and I muſt inſiſt upon making this Bargain, that your Nurſe may hang up the *Ball* by the String to it, and for every good Action you do, a *Pin* ſhall be ſtuck on the *Red Side*, and for every bad Action a *Pin* ſhall be ſtuck on the *Black Side*. And when by doing good and pretty Things you have got all the *ten Pins* on the *Red Side*, then I'll ſend you a *Penny*, and ſo I will as often as all the *Pins* ſhall be fairly got on that Side. But if ever the *Pins* be all found on the *Black Side* the *Ball*, then I'll ſend a *Rod*, and you ſhall be whipt as often as they are found there. But this, my

Dear,

Dear, I hope you'll prevent by continuing a good Boy, that every body may ſtill love you, as well as

Your Friend,

Jack *the Giant-killer.*

P. S. When you are tir'd with playing, I have added, for your further Amuſement, a Collection of pretty Songs, which your Nurſe will take care to learn you; and I muſt inſiſt on your getting them perfectly, becauſe the Knowledge of theſe Songs will recommend you to the Favour of all the Gentlemen and Ladies of *England* who ſing in that Manner.

A LETTER FROM *JACK* the GIANT-KILLER, TO Pretty Miſs *POLLY*.

Dear Miſs POLLY,

YOUR Nurſe call'd upon me To-day, and told me, that you was a good Girl; that you was dutiful to your Father and Mother, and that when you had ſaid your Prayers in the Morning and Evening, you aſked their Bleſ-

ſings, and in the Day-time did every thing they bid you. She ſays, you are obedient to your Miſtreſs, loving and kind to your Play-fellows, and obliging to every body; that you riſe early in the Morning, keep yourſelf clean, and learn your Book; that when you have done a Fault you confeſs it, and are ſorry for it. And though you are ſometimes naughty, ſhe ſays you are very honeſt and good-humour'd; that you don't tell Lies, or ſay indecent Words, and are always thankful when any body gives you good Advice; that you never quarrel, nor do wicked Things, as ſome other Girls do.

This Character, my Dear, has made every body love you; and, while you continue ſo good, you may depend on my obliging you with every thing I can. I have here ſent you a *Little Pretty Pocket-Book*, which will learn you to play at all thoſe innocent Games that

good

good Boys and Girls divert themſelves with: And while you behave ſo well, you ſhall never want Play, I aſſure you. But then, my dear *Polly*, in order that you may be as good as poſſible, I have alſo ſent you a *Pincuſhion*, the one Side of which is *Red*, and the other *Black*, and with it *ten Pins*; and I muſt inſiſt upon making this Bargain, That your Nurſe may hang up the *Pincuſhion* by the String to it, and for every good Action you do, a *Pin* ſhall be ſtuck on the *Red Side*, and for every bad Action a *Pin* ſhall be ſtuck on the *Black Side*. And when, by doing good and pretty Things, you have got all the *ten Pins* on the *Red Side*, then I'll ſend you a *Penny*; and ſo I will as often as all the *Pins* ſhall be fairly got on that Side. But if ever the *Pins* be all found on the *Black Side* of the *Pincuſhion*, then I'll ſend a *Rod*; and you ſhall be whipt as often as they are found there. But this,

my Dear, I hope you'll prevent, by continuing a good Girl, that every body may ſtill love you, as well as

Your Friend,

Jack *the Giant-Killer.*

P. S. When you are tired with playing, I have added for your further Amuſement a Collection of pretty Songs, which your Nurſe will take care to learn you; and I muſt inſiſt on your getting them perfectly, becauſe the Knowledge of theſe Songs will recommend you to the Favour of all the Gentlemen and Ladies in *England* who ſing in this Manner.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A worthy and learned Gentleman, whoſe Preſence I am at this time honoured with, intimates, that it would not be amiſs for ſome Gentlemen to keep a *Ball* contrived in this Manner, and ſome Ladies a *Pincuſhion*, by way of Diary, eſpecially if they are often apt to forget themſelves. CHUCK-

CHUCK-FARTHING.

AS you value your Pence,
At the *Hole* take your Aim;
Chuck all ſafely in,
And you'll win the Game.

MORAL.

Chuck-Farthing, like Trade,
Requires great Care;
The more you obſerve,
The better you'll fare.

Flying the KITE.

UPheld in Air, the gaudy Kite
High as an Eagle takes her Flight;
But if the Winds their Breath reſtrain,
She tumbles headlong down again.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Soon as thou ſeeſt the Dawn of Day,
To God thy Adoration pay.

Dancing

Dancing round the MAY-POLE.

With Garlands here the May-Pole's crown'd,
And all the Swains a dancing round
Compose a num'rous jovial Ring,
To welcome in the cheerful Spring.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Leave God to manage, and to grant
That which his Wisdom sees thee want.

TAW.

KNuckle down to your *Taw*,
Aim well, ſhoot away;
Keep out of the *Ring*,
And you'll ſoon learn to play.

MORAL.

Time rolls like a *Marble*,
And awes ev'ry State;
Then huſband each Moment,
Before 'tis too late.

Hoop

HOOP *and* HIDE.

GO hide out, and hoop,
Whilſt I go to ſleep;
If you I can't find,
My Poſt I muſt keep.

MORAL.

With Carefulneſs watch
Each Moment that flies,
To keep Peace at home,
And ward off Surprize.

THREAD

THREAD *the* NEEDLE.

HEre Hand in Hand the Boys unite,
And form a very pleasing Sight;
Then thro' each other's Arms they fly,
As Thread does thro' the Needle's Eye.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Talk not too much; sit down content
That your Discourse be pertinent.

FISH-

FISHING.

THE artful Angler baits his Hook,
And throws it gently in the Brook;
Which the Fish view with greedy Eyes,
And soon are taken by Surprize.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Learn well the Motions of the Mind;
Why you are made, for what design'd.

BLIND-

Blindman's Buff.

Bereft of all Light,
I ſtumble alone;
But, if I catch you,
My Doom is your own.

Moral.

How blind is that Man,
Who ſcorns the Advice
Of Friends, who intend
To make him more wiſe!

Shut-

SHUTTLE-COCK.

THE *Shuttle-Cock* ſtruck
Does backward rebound;
But, if it be miſs'd,
It falls to the Ground.

MORAL.

Thus chequer'd is Life,
As Fortune does flow;
Her ſmiles lift us high,
Her Frowns ſink us low.

KING

KING I AM.

AMbition here fires ev'ry Heart,
And all assume the Monarch's Part;
For a few Minutes, though in Play,
Each rules with arbitrary Sway.

RULE of LIFE.

Descend into thyself, to find
The Imperfections of thy Mind.

PEG-

PEG-FARTHING.

SOON as the Ring is once compos'd,
The Coin is in the Center clos'd;
And then the wish'd-for Prize to win,
The Top that drives it out muſt ſpin.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Be ſilent if you doubt your Senſe,
And always ſpeak with Diffidence.

KNOCK

KNOCK OUT *and* SPAN.

STrike out your *Toes* ſtrong;
For the very next Man
Will bear off the Prize,
If he comes to a *Span.*

MORAL.

This *Span,* my dear Boy,
Shou'd your Monitor be;
'Tis the Length of a Life,
As we oftentimes ſee.

Hor.

'Hop, Step, *and* Jump.

HOP ſhort, and *Step* ſafe,
To make your *Jump* long;
This Art oft has beat
Th' Efforts of the Strong.

Moral.

This old Maxim take,
T' embelliſh your Book;
Think well ere you talk,
And ere you leap, look.

BOYS *and* GIRLS *come out to Play.*

AFter a ſultry Summer's Day,
When the Moon ſhines, and Stars are gay;
The Nymphs and Swains well-pleas'd advance,
And ſpend the Ev'ning in a Dance.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Reflect To-day upon the Laſt,
And freely own thy Errors paſt.

I ſent a Letter *to my* Love.

THE Lads and Laſſes here are ſeen,
All gaily tripping o'er the Green;
But one among them, to her Coſt,
The Treaſure of her Heart has loſt.

Rule *of* Life.

If proſperous, of Pride beware;
Changes of Fortune frequent are.

PITCH *and* HUSSEL.

POiſe your Hand fairly,
And pitch plump your Slat;
Then ſhake for all Heads,
And turn down the Hat.

MORAL.

How fickle's this Game!
So Fortune or Fate
Decrees our Repentance,
When oft 'tis too late.

CRICKET.

THIS Leſſon obſerve,
When you play at *Cricket*,
Catch *All* fairly out,
Or bowl down the *Wicket*.

MORAL.

This Maxim regard,
Now you're in your Prime;
Look ere 'tis too late;
By the Fore-lock take *Time*,

STOOL-BALL.

THE *Ball* once ſtruck with Art and Care,
And drove impetuous thro' the Air,
Swift round his Courſe the *Gameſter* flies,
Or his *Stool's* taken by Surprize.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Beſtow your Alms when-e'er you ſee
An Object in Neceſſity.

SWIM-

SWIMMING.

WHEN the Sun's Beams have warm'd the Air,
Our Youth to ſome cool Brook repair,
In whoſe refreſhing Streams they play,
To the laſt Remnant of the Day.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Think ere you ſpeak; for Words, once flown,
Once utter'd, are no more your own.

BASE-BALL.

THE *Ball* once ſtruck off,
Away flies the *Boy*
To the next deſtin'd Poſt,
And then Home with Joy.

MORAL.

Thus *Britons* for Lucre
Fly over the Main;
But, with Pleaſure tranſported,
Return back again.

TRAP-BALL.

TOuch lightly the *Trap*,
And ſtrike low the *Ball*:
Let none catch you out,
And you'll beat them all.

MORAL.

Learn hence, my dear Boy,
To avoid ev'ry Snare,
Contriv'd to involve you
In Sorrow and Care.

TIP-

TIP CAT.

THE *Gameſter* here his Art diſplays,
And drives the *Cat* a thouſand Ways;
For ſhould he miſs, when once 'tis toſs'd,
He's out ---And all his Sports is loſt.

ROUL *of* LIFE.

Debates and Quarrels always ſhun;
No one by Peace was e'er undone.

FIVES.

FIVES.

WITH what great force the little Ball
Rebounds, when ſtruck againſt the Wall!
See, how intent each Gameſter ſtands;
Mark well his Eyes, his Feet, his Hands!

RULE *of* LIFE.

Know *this* (which is enough to know)
Virtue is Happineſs below.

LEAP-FROG.

THIS ſtoops down his Head,
Whilſt that ſprings up high;
But then you will find,
He'll ſtoop by and by.

MORAL.

Juſt ſo 'tis at Court;
To-day you're in *Place*;
To morrow, perhaps,
You're quite in Diſgrace.

BIRDS-

BIRDS-NESTING.

HERE two naughty Boys,
Hard-hearted in Jeſt,
Deprive a poor *Bird*
Of her young and her Neſt.

MORAL.

Thus Men, out of Joke,
(Be't ſpoke to their Shame)
Too often make free
With others good Name.

TRAIN-

TRAIN-BANDING.

THE *Serjeant-Hero* here appears
Strutting before his *Grenadiers*;
And leads his mighty valiant Men,
First up the Hill, then down again.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Judge not between two Friends, but
(se
If you can bring them to agree.

All the BIRDS *in the* AIR.

HEre various Boys ſtand round the Room,
Each does ſome favourite Bird aſſume;
And if the *Slave* once hits his Name,
He's then made free, and crowns the Game.

RULE *of* LIFE.

Live well, and then, die ſoon or late,
For ever happy is your State.

Hor-

HOP-HAT.

O'ER this *Hat*, and that,
Boys hop to the laſt,
Which, once in their Mouths,
Behind them is caſt.

MORAL.

Thus Men often ſtruggle
Some Bliſs to obtain,
Which, once in their Pow'r,
They treat with Diſdain.

SHOOT-

SHOOTING.

THO' some *Birds*, too heedless,
Dread no Danger nigh;
Yet still by the *Fowlers*
They instantly die.

MORAL.

Erom hence we may learn,
That by one thoughtless Trip,
Strange Accidents happen
'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

Hop-Scotch.

FIRST make with Chalk an oblong Square,
With wide Partitions here and there;
Then to the first a *Tile* convey;
Hop in---then kick the *Tile* away.

Rule of Life.

Strive with good Sense to stock your Mind,
And to that Sense be Virtue join'd.

Who will play at my SQUARES?

THIS well-invented *Game's* deſign'd
To ſtrike the *Eye* and form the *Mind.*
And he moſt doubtleſs aims aright,
Who joins *Inſtruction* with *Delight.*

RULE *of* LIFE.

So live with Men, as if God's Eye
Did into every Action pry.

RIDING.

IN Queſt of his Game
The *Sportſman* rides on;
But falls off his Horſe
Before he has done.

MORAL.

Thus Youth without Thought,
Their Amours purſue,
Tho' an Age of Pain
Does often acrue.

The great R.

GReat A, B, and C,
And tumble down D,
The Cat's a blind Buff,
And ſhe cannot ſee,

a, b, c, d.

GReat E, F, and G,
Come here follow me,
And we'll jump over
The Roſemary Tree.

HEre's great Q and R
Are both come from far
To bring you good News,
About the *French* War.

So, S, T, and U,

Pray how do you do?

We thank you—the better

For seeing of you.

The great W.

HEre's W and X,
Good Friends do not vex,
All Things will go well
Dear W and X.

THere's great Y and Z
On a Horse that is mad;
If you fall down, farewel
Poor great Y and Z.

The HUSBANDMAN and the STORK.

A *Stork*, thro' Misfortune,
Trepann'd by a *Crane*,
Was pleading his good Deeds,
But pleaded in vain.
The *Crane* is a Villain,
The *Farmer* replies,
And he that's his Comrade
Moſt certainly dies.

To Master Tommy, *or Miss* Polly.

YOU see, my Dear, the ſad Effects of keeping bad Company; if the poor harmleſs *Stork* had not been in Company with the wicked *Crane*, he might probably have lived till this Day; therefore of all Things take care what Sort of Children you play with, for thoſe that are wicked will make you ſo too; and nothing will more diſpleaſe

Your ſincere Friend,

Jack *the Giant-killer.*

FABLE

FABLE III.

The SHEPHERD's BOY.

A Wanton young *Shepherd*,
Tho' no Danger near,
Cries out to his Neighbours,
The *Wolf*, Sirs, is here.
They come, and are laugh'd at;
Soon he roars out again,
Now the *Wolf*'s here indeed,
But his Cries are in vain.

To Maſter Tommy, *or Miſs* Polly.

THis Boy's Fate, my Dear, is a remarkable inſtance of the Folly and Wickedneſs of telling Lies; if he had not deceived the People before, they would have believed him, and ran to his Aſſiſtance, by which Means both he and his Sheep might have been ſaved, which are now torn to Pieces; I hope you'll remember this, my Dear, and reſolve in yourſelf never to tell a *Lie*; for if you do, I ſhall be very angry.

I am

Your hearty Friend,

Jack *the Giant-Killer.*

FABLE

FABLE IV.

MERCURY *and the* WOODMAN.

A *Woodman*, at Work,
Dropp'd his Ax in a Pond,
And in Sorrow and Tears,
His Diſaſter bemoan'd:
Merc'ry brings one all Gold,
And cries, Friend, is this thine?
No, Sir, (ſays the Woodman)
Mine was not ſo fine.
Then he ſhew'd him the right,
Ah! that's mine by my Troth:
Thou'rt honeſt, ſays *Merc'ry*,
So, Friend, take them both.

To Maſter Tommy, *or Miſs* Polly.

BY this you may ſee, my Dear, that *Honeſty is the beſt Policy*; had *Mercury* found the Woodman a Rogue, he would not have given him any Thing; but as he was an honeſt Man he not only gave him his own Ax, but a golden one alſo. Conſider, my Dear, 'tis a fine Thing to have a *Golden Ax*, and at the ſame Time the Love and Eſteem of all the World beſide, and that you will certainly have if you are ſtrictly honeſt.

I am

Your affectionate Friend,

Jack *the Giant-Killer.*

SIR,

THere was in my Country a little Boy, who learned his Book to that ſurpriſing Degree, that his Maſter could ſcarce teach him faſt enough, for he had his Leſſon almoſt as ſoon as it was pointed out to him; which raiſed the Attention of every Body; and as he was alſo very dutiful to his Parents and obliging to his Playmates, every Body loved him. His Learning and Behaviour purchaſed him the Eſteem of the greateſt People, and raiſed him from a mean State of Life to a Coach and Six, in which he rides to this Day. Learning is a moſt excellent Thing, and is eaſily acquired too, when little Boys ſet themſelves earneſtly about it. I know ſeveral Maſters at this Time, who all bid fair for the ſame Honour the above Gentleman enjoys. *I am, Sir, &c.*

MADAM,

I Know of a little Lady no bigger than your pretty Miss, who has behaved so well that every Body is in Love with her. She is extremely dutiful to her Parents and Governess, kind to her School-fellows, and obliging to every Body. Then she learns her Book to Admiration, works well with her Needle, and is so modest, so willing to do as she is bid, and so engaging in Company, that my Lady *Meanwell* has made her a Present of a fine Gold Watch, and declares that she shall ride in her own Coach. 'Tis this Learning, Madam, and good Behaviour, that brings us the Esteem of the whole World.

I am, *Madam, yours, &c.*

A

A little Boy *and* Girl *at Prayers.*

ALL good Boys and Girls say their Prayers at Night and in the Morning, which makes God Almighty love and bless them.

A little Boy and Girl asking a Bleſſing of their Parents.

ALL good Boys and Girls kneel down every Morning and Evening, and ask their Parents Bleſſing in theſe Words, "Pray Pappa and Mamma, pray to God "to bleſs me, and make me his true and "faithful Servant." Which makes their Friends love them.

A little Boy *and* Girl *reading.*

ALL good Boys and Girls take care to learn their Leſſons, and read in a pretty Manner; which makes every Body admire them.

A little Boy *and* Girl *beſtowing their Charity.*

ALL good Boys and Girls when they ſee a poor Man, or Woman, or Child, in Want, will give them either Money, or ſuch Meat and Drink as they have to ſpare; which makes the whole World love them.

A

Poetical Deſcription

OF THE

FOUR SEASONS.

I. SPRING.

THE Bloom of Youth upon his Cheek is ſeen,
And where he treads freſh Flowers deck the Green;

His

His fragrant Breath perfumes the Ev'ning
Skies,
And tun'd to him the *Sylvan* Strains
ariſe;
A pointed Javelin in his Hand he bears,
And on his Head a Golden Helmet
wears.
For then begins the ſtern *Bellona's* Rage,
And hoſtile Realms in bloody Wars
engage:
His calm Approach revives the peaceful
Plain,
But leads on Death where Diſcord holds
its Reign.

II. SUM-

II. SUMMER.

IN ſilken Garb array'd of chearful Green,
Was ſportive *Summer* next advancing ſeen;
A gilded Quiver at his Shoulder hung,
And in his Hand he trail'd a Bow unbent along.

His

His tawny Brow with faded Flow'rs was crown'd,
And studded thick with Drops of Sweat around.
As if fatigu'd with the laborious Chace,
Or faint with Heat in sultry *Titan*'s Rays,
He moving slow invok'd the friendly Air,
And sought the cooling Streams to quench his Burning there.

I

III. AU-

III. AUTUMN.

AUTUMN ſucceeds in flaming Yellow clad,
With Fulneſs ſmiling, and with Plenty glad.
Laden with ſunny Fruits of every Kind,
He dar'd the Cold that waited cloſe behind.

A Wreath of ripen'd Corn his Temples
bound,
Enrich'd with Leaves and cluft'ring
Grapes around.
An Harveſt Crook employ'd his better
Hand,
To reap the Grain and eaſe the burden'd
Land.

IV. WINTER.

WINTER was laſt in woolly Robes array'd,
And bent with feeble Age his hoary Head.
Shrunk in himſelf he wrapt his Garments cloſe,
And inly trembled as the Tempeſt roſe.

His Length of Beard and deep indented
Brow
Were whiten'd o'er with an eternal
Snow;
Prone to the Earth his bending Back
declin'd,
And almoft froze he ſhiver'd in the
Wind;
Propp'd on a Staff he ſlowly mov'd a-
long,
And round him loud inſulting *Boreas*
rung.

TIME's Addreſs to *PLUTUS* and *CUPID*.

By Way of APPLICATION.

'TIS I who meaſure vital Space,
And deal out Years to human Race;
Tho' little priz'd and ſeldom ſought,
Without Me Love and Gold are nought.

By Me all uſeful Arts are gain'd,
Wealth, Learning, Wiſdom, is attain'd.
So ſubtle and ſo ſwift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
How heedleſs then are Mortals grown!
How little is their Int'reſt known!
In ev'ry View they ought to mind me;
For when once loſt they never find me.

SELECT

SELECT PROVERBS

For the USE of CHILDREN.

A Fool's Bolt is ſoon ſhot.
A good Beginning, a good Ending.
A Fool and his Money are ſoon parted.
After Dinner ſit a while,
After Supper walk a Mile.
After a Storm cometh a Calm.

As good ſit ſtill, as riſe up and fall.
A haſty Man never wants woe.
Birds of a Feather will flock together.
The burnt Child dreads the Fire.
Better the End of a Feaſt than the
Beginning of a Fray.
Enough's as good as a Feaſt.
Fine Feathers make fine Birds.
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd.
Faint Heart never won fair Lady.
Fair and ſoftly goes far.
Faſt bind, faſt find.
Good Wine needs no Buſh.
Hunger is the beſt Sauce.
If a Man deceive me once, 'tis his Fault;
If twice, 'tis my own.
It's a good Horſe that never ſtumbles.
It's a good Wife that never grumbles.
Make Hay while the Sun ſhines.

Nothing

Nothing ſo certain as Death.
Neceſſity has no Law.
New Lords, new Laws.
None ſo proud as an enrich'd Beggar.
Pride will have a Fall.
Profer'd Service ſtinks.
Set a Knave to catch a Knave.
Two Heads are better than one.
Two much Familiarity breeds Contempt.
They who are bound muſt obey.
Time and Tide ſtay for no Man.
Tell Truth and ſhame the Devil.
The beſt may mend.
The new Broom ſweeps clean.
The Eye is bigger than the Belly.
The Weakeſt goes to the Wall.
When the Fox preaches beware of the Geeſe.

Wisdom is better than Riches.
Try your Friend before you trust him.
Look not a gift Horse in the Mouth.
A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush.

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The Truth I hope you won't dispute,
When told you by a Brother Brute.

Letter from *Leo* the Great Lion.

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